

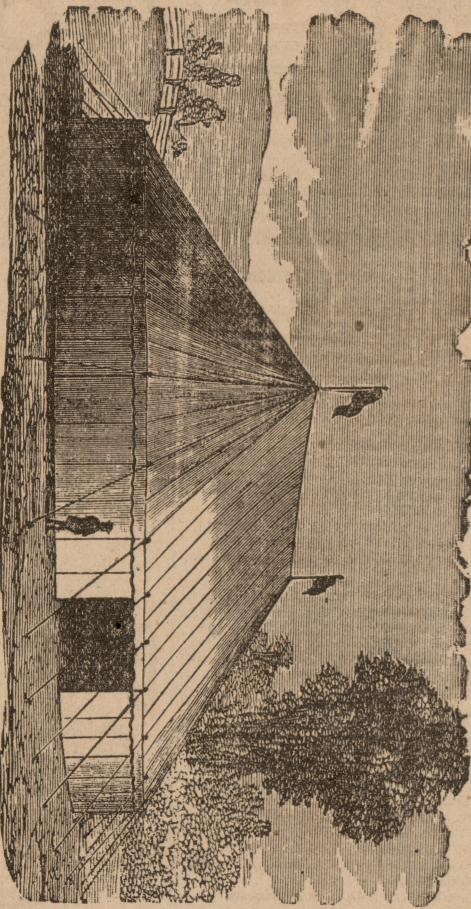
The Ypsilantian

EIGHTH YEAR.

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1887.

NUMBER 395.

MAX ISAAC REICH AND THOS. D. W. MUIR.
CONDUCTED BY
Week nights, Saturday excepted, at 7:45. Sunday at 3 and 7:30.



Now being held in the Tent opposite Hawkins House.

The Ypsilantian.

ESTABLISHED JANUARY 1, 1880.
SMITH & POWERS, Publishers.
(GEO. C. SMITH, — PERRY F. POWERS.)

THE YPSILANTIAN is published each Thursday afternoon, from the office, south side of Congress street.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
Payable in Advance.
Family Edition, eight pages: Per year, \$1.50;
six months, 50c; three months, 40c; one month,
25c.
Local Edition, four pages: Per year, \$1.; six
months, 50c; three months, 30c; one month,
20c.
Advertising rates reasonable, and made
known on application.

Address THE YPSILANTIAN, Ypsilanti, Mich.

THE NEW BANK BLOCK.—The building of the new bank block on the corner of Huron and Congress streets, which has been delayed by reason by the revisions of the plans first contemplated for the structure, will commence next week, if the contractors can make their arrangements to that effect. The block will be as handsome in all respects as under the original plans, but will be erected for about \$2000 less, under the plans finally adopted.

A FATAL DRINK.—The home of Mr. Andrew Gale of Superior was visited by an unexpected and sudden affliction last Friday evening that left it sad and distressed indeed. His little boy, two years of age, entered a room where medicines of different kinds had been stored, while unobserved by other members of the family, and getting hold of a bottle containing carbolic acid swallowed enough of the poison to cause its death in a few hours. The child was a bright little one, a favorite with all, and the sorrow caused by its death is shared by the entire community in which Mr. and Mrs. Gale reside.

HORSE STOLEN.—Tuesday morning a gentleman registered at the Follett House under the name of C. H. Wilson of Detroit and represented himself to be a commercial traveler for a dry goods house. In the afternoon he asked for a rig to drive around town and the clerk telephoned to Neat's. John Chapman sent over one of the blacks. About four o'clock the rig was driven by the barn and this time a couple of strangers were in. John went home early and Frank Neat was not worried till early in the morning as he supposed they had probably gone to Ann Arbor. By this time the thieves had obtained a good start and up to this morning no trace of them had been found after leaving Belleville.

THE TENT MEETINGS.—As announced last week, gospel meetings began in a tent opposite the Hawkins House Sunday afternoon, conducted by Thos. D. W. Muir and Max Isaac Reich, the latter being referred to as "the converted Jew." The meetings are conducted after the usual plan of gospel meetings, with singing, praying, preaching, and pleadings for the unconverted to forsake their sins. As said by Mr. Muir Sunday evening, they are not eloquent nor especially interesting, but they seem very much in earnest, the "converted Jew" being as demonstrative and seemingly excited as the senior exhorter of a Methodist amen-corner. No admission is charged to the meetings, the evangelists evidently expecting their compensations in private gifts from whoever may deem their services worthy of remuneration.

THAT AWFUL LAW AGAIN.—A new and interesting phase of the inter-state commerce law is developed in connection with the excursion of the colored people to Detroit and Brighton Beach, next Monday. Mr. A. C. Foster and J. R. Johnson inaugurated arrangements for the excursion, as a private enterprise, guaranteed a certain number of passengers at a fixed rate and were compelled to make an advance payment of fifty dollars. After the excursion train had been secured, and the date and hours of its arrival and departure fixed and advertised, three other colored men applied for cars to be attached to the same train, at the same rate, and in spite of the seeming injustice thus done to the gentlemen who first ordered the train, the provision of the new law forbidding discrimination compels the railroad company to provide the cars, and a double-headed excursion will be the result. Foster and Johnson will take their passengers from this city to Brighton Beach and Manhattan and return for ninety cents, and the proprietors of the other end of the train will sell tickets to Detroit and return for eighty cents.

We are now in our
NEW BUILDING!
On Congress Street,
Where we will be pleased to see all our old
and many new
CUSTOMERS.

We are confident we can make satisfactory
prices on all goods in our line.

FLOUR, FEED, BEANS, SEEDS, HAY, ETC., ETC.
Wholesale and Retail.

Cash paid as heretofore for all produce.

O. A. AINSWORTH & CO.

Obituary.

MRS. FANNIE SHIPMAN.

A sudden touch from the hand of death it was that came to Mrs. Richard Shipman, of this city, Wednesday of last week. She arose between five and six o'clock, seeming as well as usual, and was busily engaged in preparing the breakfast when her husband left the kitchen to milk the cow. He was gone but a short time, and was startled and shocked when he returned to find his wife lying on the kitchen-floor, seemingly dead. Mr. Shipman called her name, entreating her to speak to him, and though the stricken woman partly opened her eyes and made an effort to respond, no sound came from her lips, nor did she ever speak again. She had been seized with a fatal affection of the heart, and died about 2 o'clock Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Shipman was seventy years of age, being born in Hunter, New York, in 1817. She was married to Richard Shipman at Windham, N. Y., in 1842, and came to Ypsilanti in 1860. One son was born to them, Mr. D. W. Shipman, who resides here. The funeral services occurred Friday afternoon, and were conducted by the Rev. Dr. McCorkle. Mrs. Shipman had been a member of the Presbyterian church since her childhood, and her life was a constant and helpful example of Christian effort and attainment. Death came to her sudden and unheralded, but the summons came not to one that feared it or from it shrank, but rather as the fulfillment of promises long trusted, the answer to hopes and prayers many times repeated.

MRS. FANNIE SHIPMAN.

The crickets are getting in their open air concerts every evening now.

Watermelons are ripening and the small boy is having an extension made in his waistband.

The Ypsilanti Cricket Club went to Grand Rapids Wednesday and scooped the local club to the tune of 152 to 122.

Last Monday, S. Parson's horse took a little excursion all to himself. As a result the buggy is somewhat demoralized.

Washtenaw county has 200 persons

on the pension list, and they receive

from the government, each month,

\$2,862.50

Dr. F. K. Owen has taken up his residence in his new house on Adams street. It is a handsome and unique structure.

It is a pity that lawns, which should

be a beauty and a joy forever—in summer time—are dying out for lack of water.

Mr. J. J. Stephenson has just finished

a most perfect portrait of the late

N. M. Thompson, which can be seen in

Comstock's window.

The union school building is going

to receive a new summer dress of fresh

paint. W. W. Worden will superintend

the dressing in his usual effective

manner.

The W. C. T. U. will meet at the

chapel of the M. E. Church at 3 p. m.

Tuesday. There will be a general

discussion of the new temperance laws.

The railroads will sell return tickets

from all stations to Ypsilanti, Aug. 2

to 5, inclusive, at one and one-third

fare for the round trip, to accommodate

all desirous of attending the races.

Sunday, the 17th with the thermometer

up to 102°, will do to be handed

down to history as companion to that

cold New Years of '64, when the mercury

all went down cellar and froze.

A lawn social will be given at the

residence of Mr. Alva Worden, just

east of Congress street bridge, to-mor

row evening, under the auspices of the

Sons of Temperance. You are all in-

vited.

A traveling salesman for one of the

largest confectionery houses in Detroit,

says he sells more gum in Ypsilanti

than in any other two cities of the size

together in the state. Oh Gum, here is

thy victory!

The Ann Arbor and Toledo railroad

will build a new depot in Ann Arbor

this fall, at a cost of \$10,000. The shed

now used as a depot by the road

above named in Ann Arbor is worth

sixty cents.

Several of the leading horses of the

celebrated I. A. Brown & Co.'s stable,

of Kalazamo, are at the fair grounds

and will participate in the races next

week. Senator Stockbridge is said to

be the "Co." of the firm.

The third annual excursion under the

auspices of the Methodist and Baptist

Young Peoples' Societies will be given

Aug. 17, to Detroit and a trip on the river.

The fare will be the same as

last year—for adults 85 cents, children

40 cents.

Owing to the absence from the city

of the executive committee of the Busi-

ness Association, the meeting called

for Tuesday evening was postponed,

and will be held next Tuesday evening,

Aug. 2, at the First National Bank.

The lawn entertainment, at the resi-

dence of Mr. Champlin, on the east side,

is to be given to-morrow evening, Fri-

day, a mistake having been made in

our announcement last week. It will

be under the auspices of the ladies of

St. Luke's church.

The Ann Arbor papers are throwing

up their hats over the evident failure

of the scheme to move the clinical

department of the University to Detroit,

and until further notice, will postpone

their sugar and soap boycott on the

merchants of the big city.

Why cannot that wood-yard on Con-

gress street be turned into a neat little

park. Strangers visiting this city often

wonder why some provision for even a

small park has not been made. Let's

have one, somewhere in the city any-

way.

Mr. J. M. Chidister carries his right

arm in a sling. He attempted to box

his cow's ears, but the pugilistic bos

turned her head just in time to catch

the box on one of her horns, which

penetrated Mr. C's hand to the bone.

We presume he will argue with that

animal in a different way next time.

The colored citizens are bound to

have their band come out in fine raiment,

and for that purpose have solicited

donations sufficient to enable them

in carrying out their plans. Keep your

eye open for a grand parade when the

boys get on their swallow tailed coats,

trimmed with big brass buttons.

It will be a Christian act to continue

that stone pavement, on Huron street,

right along up to the postoffice. We

have seen many a good man, to say

nothing of the others, look the biggest

kind of a swear word, upon stubbing

the newness off his boot on the old

plank walk that has outlined its life of

real usefulness.

The Ypsilanti City Band will give a

grand excursion to Put-in-Bay and re-

turn, Wednesday, Aug. 10th, on the

steamer City of Cleveland. Fare for

the round trip \$125; children under

twelve 75c. Train will leave Ypsilanti at

7:45 a. m., city time. Boat leaves

THE YPSILANTIAN.

YPSILANTI, MICH.

THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1887.

The Indian chief Seranos or San Jacinto, Cal., is thought to be 125 years old.

George Dougherty of Gettysburg, Pa., is 84 years old, and is still cutting teeth.

There is a hotel in Long Branch which furnishes accommodations to 1,050 guests.

George Gould has bought the title of "Prince of St. Louis" from the Italian Government.

The water-works now being erected at Helena, Montana, will cost the tax-payers \$500,000 before finished.

An Indian in a boat on Big Pine Lake, Minnesota, saw a snake 30 feet long and as big around as a saw-log.

Queen Victoria's favorite dish is tapioca pudding. She is a sturdy eater and a fair drinker of claret and red wines.

It is a curious scientific fact that all the elements of the poison found in a rattlesnake are inherent in the common Irish potato.

The last of the Chesterfield (N. H.) centenarians has just died in the person of Mrs. Sophronia Pierce, who was in her 102d year.

Jerry Brady while working in a field near Middletown, Pa., was attacked by a blacksnake 12 feet long and only killed it after a hard struggle.

Indian river, Florida, is said to be the straightest in the world. A straight line can be drawn through it for seventy-five miles without touching shore.

The oldest resident of Philadelphia is Mrs. Rebecca Applegate, who is 104 years of age. She has as her and whisky as regularly as ever, and has always chewed tobacco.

One of the spryest old gentlemen of Schoolcraft, Mich., is Godfrey Knight, who has passed the century mark. He is exceedingly fond of sports, attends horse races, and is still a great singer.

William Widick and Mr. S. Smith, in breaking and planting a quarter section of pasture land northeast of Bethany, Moultrie county, Ill., have 160 rattle-snakes, some of them very large ones.

John Preston died recently at Brown-town, N. J., aged 105 years. When he was 103 years of age he walked eight miles a day and cut cordwood. He never retired without his glass of applejack.

Mrs. Nancy Box, who died recently at her home near Lewiston, Mifflin county, Pa., aged 80, was the mother of fourteen children, and leaves 106 grandchildren and eighty-four great-grandchildren.

Bret Harte was a book agent in 1849-'50, and a good one when he would work, which was seldom. In 1855 he was writing "condensed novels" for the San Francisco *Golden Era* at \$5 per column.

Mrs. De Bare—"Don't you think, dear, that there is more individuality in female dress now than formerly?" Mr. De Bare—"Yes, dear. There is less dress and more individual."—*Texas* *Silks*.

Swinburne wrote a poem on "Children's Tears." If children's tears gave impetus to poetic grindings the slipper would soon become recognized as the sole of music.—*Oshkosh Northwestern*.

Among the presents at a recent Adrian (Mich.) wedding were eight pickle casters. This is just about enough to hold the pickles the couple will get into during the next two years.—*New Haven News*.

"Isn't there anything you would rather have than a dish of ice-cream?" he asked, as they emerged from the theatre. "Yes, George; two dishes of ice-cream," she murmured, softly.—*Washington Critic*.

A news item says that "the body of a Chicago Socialist was recently washed ashore." It was necessary. A bath-tub does not hold water enough to wash the body of a Chicago Socialist.—*Norristown Herald*.

"That is the last novel I shall ever read," said a gentleman, throwing the book down in disgust. "What's the matter, dear?" inquired his wife, "doesn't it end happily?" No, they were married."—*Harper's Bazaar*.

A scientific writer tells how water can be boiled in a sheet of paper. We don't doubt. We have known a man to write a few lines on a sheet of writing paper that kept him in hot water for three years.—*Christian at Work*.

"Yes," said Dumley, "I only see my landlord when he comes for the rent. He comes promptly the 1st of every month." "And then you don't see him again till next month?" "O, yes, I do. I see him often during the month."

Villa Beaumont, an exiled French Count who claims to be able to trace his lineage back to the time of William the Conqueror, is now earning an honest living in the office of a Pittsburgh architect, where he has the reputation of possessing rare ability.

A woodsman felling a tree on the battle-ground of Chickamauga, Tenn., the other day discovered an unexploded shell in the trunk. It was partly enclosed by over twenty years of tree growth, the size of the tree at the time the shell was fired being apparent. Another feature which a woodsman would notice is a luxuriant growth of moss on the side of the tree and provoking conclusively that the shot was fired from the south and hence by the confederates, as they held the southern position in the battle.

"I see, pa," said a young Hartford hopeful, "that a member of Parliament the other day said 'The honorable gentleman is a liar!'" "And very properly, too," was the patronizing reply, "Now; how can an honorable gentleman be a liar?" "Simplest thing in the world. Now, I'm an honorable gentleman." "Hold on, if you're not careful!"—*Hartford Post*.

A small boy, swimming with others in the Erie canal, near Clyde, suddenly yelled with vigor that "sothing" had hold of him. He scrambled ashore, and the something proved to be a small snapping turtle, that had grabbed him by the leg. His beak had gone through the skin and some of the flesh of the boy's leg. These animals never let go their hold while there's life. In this case the jaws did not open till after the head had been cut off. The wound made by the tortoise's beak was not very serious. The boy wrapped a handkerchief around his leg and started for home, carrying the turtle.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

TEXT:—We can not, until all the flocks be gathered together, and till they roll the stones from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep.—[Genesis, xxix, 8.]

A scene in Mesopotamia, beautifully pastoral. A well of water of great value in that region. The fields around about it white with three flocks of sheep lying down waiting for the watering. I hear their bleating coming on the bright air, and the laughter of young men and maidens indulging in rustic repartee. I look off and I see other flocks of sheep coming. Meantime, Jacob, a stranger, on the interesting errand of looking for a wife, comes to the well. A beautiful shepherdess comes to the same well. I see her approaching, followed by her father's flock of sheep. It was a memorable meeting. Jacob married the shepherdess. The Bible account of it is:

Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his voice and wept. It has always been a mystery to me what he found to cry about? But before that scene occurred, Jacob accosts the shepherds and asks them why they postpone the slaking of the thirst of these sheep, and why they did not immediately proceed to water them. The shepherds reply to the effect:

"We are all good neighbors, and as a matter of courtesy we wait until all the sheep of the neighborhood come up. Besides that, this stone on the well's mouth is somewhat heavy, and several of us take hold of it and push it aside, and then the buckets and the troughs are filled, and the sheep are satisfied. We can not, until all the flocks are gathered together, and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep."

In the far East there was a king who used once a year to get on a scales, while on the other side the scales were placed gold and silver and gems. Indeed, enough were placed there to balance the king; then, at the close of the weighing, all those treasures were thrown among the populace. But Christ to-day steps on one side the scales, and on the other side are all the treasures of the universe, and he says:

"All are yours—all height, all depth, all length, all breadth, all eternity; all are yours."

We don't appreciate the promises of the Gospel. When an aged clergyman was dying—a man very eminent in the Church—a young theological student stood by his side, and the aged man looked up and said to him:

"Can't you give me some comfort in my dying hour?"

"No," said the young man, "I can't talk to you on this subject; you know all about it, and have known it so long."

"Well," said the dying man, "just recite to me some promises."

The young man thought a moment and he came to the promise:

"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

And the old man clapped his hands, and in his dying moment said:

"That's just the promise I have been waiting for:

The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

Oh, the warmth, the grandeur, the magnificence of the promise.

Come, also, to this gospel well, all ye troubled. I do not suppose you have escaped. Compare your view of this life at 15 years of age with what your view of it at 40 or 60 or 70. What a great contrast of opinion!

Were you right then, or are you right now? Two cups placed in your hands, the one a sweet cup, the other a sour cup. A cup of joy and a cup of grief.

Which has been the nearest to being full, and out of which have you the more frequently partaken? What a different place Greenwood is from what it used to be. Once it was to you a grand city improvement, and you went out on the pleasure excursion, and you ran laughingly up the hill, and you criticised in a light way the epitaph. But since the day when you heard the bell toll at the gate when you went in with the procession it is a sad place, and there is a flood of rushing memories that suffice the eye and overmaster the heart.

Oh, what a great flock of sheep God will gather around the celestial well. No stone on the well's mouth, while the shepherd waters the sheep. There Jacob will recognize Rachel, the shepherdess. And standing on one side of the well of eternal rapture, your children; and on the other side of eternal rapture, your Christian ancestry, you will be bounded on all sides by a

joy so keen and grand that no other world has ever been permitted to experience it. Out of that deep well of heaven, the shepherd will dip refection for the bereaved, wealth for the poor, health for the sick, rest for the weary. And then all the flock of the Lord's sheep will lie down in the green pastures, and world without end we will praise the Lord that on this summer Sabbath morning we were permitted to study the story of Jacob and Rachel, the shepherdess, at the well in Mesopotamia.

"No," you say, as a Christian man. "I was becoming arrogant, and I think that is why the Lord took it away. I don't want to have my property back."

Well, would you have your departed friends back again?

"No," you say, "I couldn't take the responsibility of bringing them from a tearless realm to a realm of tears. I couldn't do it."

Well, then, what do you want? Would you like to have your property back again?

"No," you say, as a Christian man. "I was becoming arrogant, and I think that is why the Lord took it away. I don't want to have my property back."

Well, would you have your departed friends back again?

"No," you say, "I couldn't take the responsibility of bringing them from a tearless realm to a realm of tears. I couldn't do it."

Well, then, what do you want? A thousand voices in the audience cry out:

"Comfort, give us comfort."

For that reason I have rolled away the stone from the well's mouth. Come, all ye wounded of the flock, pursued of the wolves, come to the fountain where 10,000 sheep have been drinking before you. You will have to remove the obstacle of pride or never find your way to the well. You will be stoned by the open grave of his beloved wife, and after the obsequies had ended, he looked down into the open place and said:

"Farewell, my honored, faithful and beloved wife. The bond that bound us is severed. Thou art in glory, and I am here on earth. We shall meet again. Farewell! Farewell!"

To lean on a prop for fifty years! Rev. Dr. De Witt, of New York, when he stood by the open grave of his beloved wife, and after the obsequies had ended, he looked down into the open place and said:

"Farewell, my honored, faithful and beloved wife. The bond that bound us is severed. Thou art in glory, and I am here on earth. We shall meet again. Farewell! Farewell!"

With all your hindrances of pride from the well's mouth.

Here is another man who is kept back from this water of life, which lies over the mouth of the well. You have no more feeling upon this subject than if God had yet to do you the first kindness, or you had to do God the first wrong. Seated on his lap all these years, his everlasting arms sheltering you, where is your gratitude? Where is your morning and evening prayer? Where is your consecrated lives? I say to you, as Daniel said to Belshazzar:

The God in whose hand thy breath is, and all thy way, thou hast not glorified.

Jacob, with a good deal of tug and push, took the stone from the well's mouth, so that the flocks might be watered. And I would that this morning my word, blessed of God, might remove the hindrance to your getting up to the Gospel well. Yea, I take it for granted that the work is done, and now like oriental shepherds, I proceed to water the sheep.

Come, all ye thirsty! You have an undying longing in your soul. You tried money-making, that did not satisfy you. You tried office under Government; that did not satisfy you. You tried pictures and sculptures; but works of art did not satisfy you.

You are as much discontented with this life as the celebrated French author who felt that he could not any longer endure the misfortunes of the world, and who said:

"At 6 o'clock this afternoon I shall put an end to my own existence. Meantime, I must toll on up to that time for the sustenance of my family." And he wrote on his book until the clock struck 4, when he folded up his manuscript, and, by his own hand, concluded his earthly life. There are men in this house who are perfectly discontented. Unhappy in the past, unhappy to-day, to be unhappy forever, unless you come to this gospel well. This satisfies the soul with a high, deep, all-absorbing and eternal satisfaction. It comes, and it offers the most unfortunate man so much of this world as best for him, and throws all heaven into the bargain. The wealth of Croesus, and of all the Stewarts, and of all the Barings, and all the Rothschilds is only a poor miserly shilling compared with the eternal fortunes that Christ offers you to-day.

I think the Lord knows whether you are of any more use or not; if you are of no more use he would have taken you before this. Do you think God has forgotten you because he has taken care of you seventy or eighty years? He thinks more of you to-day than he ever did, because you think more of Him. May the God of Abraham, and Isaac, Jacob, and Paul the aged, be your God forever.

But I gather all the promises to-day in a group, and I ask the shepherds to drive their flocks of lambs and sheep up to the sparkling supply.

Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth.

Though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion.

Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.

Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

I am determined this morning that no one shall go out of this house uncomfited. Yonder is a timid and shrinking soul who seems to hide away from the consolations I am uttering, as a child with a sore hand hides away from the physician lest he touch the wound roughly, and the mother has to go and compel the little patient to come on and see the physician. So I come to your timid and shrinking soul to-day, and compell you to come out in the presence of the Divine Physician. He will not hurt you. He has been healing wounds for many years, and he will give you gentle and omnipotent medicament. But people, when they have trouble, go anywhere rather than to God.

De Quincy took opium to get rid of his troubles. Charles Lamb took to punch. Theodore Hook took to something stronger. Edwin Forrest took to theatrical dissipation. And men have run all around the earth, hoping in the quick transit to get away from their misfortunes. It has been a dead failure. There is only one well that can slake the thirst of an afflicted spirit, and that is the deep and inexhaustible well of the gospel.

But some one says in the audience:

"Notwithstanding all you have said this morning, I find no alleviation for my troubles."

But the highest excitement bring out the greatest beauty of both men and animals. The angrier you make a mandrill the more vividly tinted are his cheeks and callous. The frilled lizards and flying dragons glow with all the brightest colors of the rainbow when you tease or annoy them. The turkey cock with his crimson wattles and spreads his ruffled feathers to the utmost at sight of a rival or a mischievous boy. There is a little hot-tempered fish known as *Betta pugnax* and kept as a sort of domestic pet by the Siamese (much as the Christian English gentlemen of forty or fifty years since kept fighting cocks) to display its prowess for the edification of the Mongolian intelligence. "When in a state of quiet," says Cantor, "its dull colors present nothing remarkable; but if two are brought together, or if one sees its own image in a looking-glass the little creature becomes suddenly excited, the raised fins and the whole body shine with metallic colors of dazzling beauty, while the projected gill membrane, waving like a black flag around the throat, adds something of grotesqueness to the general appearance.

In this state it makes repeated darts at its real or reflected antagonist. But both, when taken out of each other's sight, instantly become quiet." The fighting fishes, as the Siamese are called, are kept after their combats as the Malays are for cockfighting, and often stake large sums or even the freedom of themselves and families, on the prowess and skill of a particular betta. The license to exhibit fish fights is farmed by the government and brings in a considerable revenue to the king of Siam.—*The Cornhill Magazine*.

But where, O Christian, will be your spirit? In a scene of infinite gladness. The spring morning of heaven waving its blossoms in the bright air. Victors fresh from battle showing their scars. The rain of earthly sorrow struck through with the rainbow of eternal joy. In one group God and angels and the redeemed—Paul and Silas, Latimer and Ridley, Isaiah and Jeremiah, Payson and John Milton, Gabriel and Michael the archangel. Long line of choristers reaching across the hills. Seas of joy dashing to the white beach. Conquerors marching from gate to gate. You among them.

Oh, what a great flock of sheep God will gather around the celestial well. No stone on the well's mouth, while the shepherd waters the sheep. There Jacob will recognize Rachel, the shepherdess. And standing on one side of the well of eternal rapture, your children; and on the other side of eternal rapture, your Christian ancestry, you will be bounded on all sides by a

joy so keen and grand that no other world has ever been permitted to experience it. Out of that deep well of heaven, the shepherd will dip refection for the bereaved, wealth for the poor, health for the sick, rest for the weary. And then all the flock of the Lord's sheep will lie down in the green pastures, and world without end we will praise the Lord that on this summer Sabbath morning we were permitted to study the story of Jacob and Rachel, the shepherdess, at the well in Mesopotamia.

"No," you say, as a Christian man. "I was becoming arrogant, and I think that is why the Lord took it away. I don't want to have my property back."

Well, would you have your departed friends back again?

"No," you say, "I couldn't take the responsibility of bringing them from a tearless realm to a realm of tears. I couldn't do it."

Well, then, what do you want? A thousand voices in the audience cry out:

"Comfort, give us comfort."

AN ILLINOIS FEUD.

Another Assassination Results from the Murder of Humbrik—Sad State of Affairs.

A Shawneetown, Ill., special says: James D. Bell was assassinated five miles northwest of Cave Rock, Hardin county, about 6 o'clock Monday evening. His head was blown to pieces by buckshot. His assassin fired from behind a bunch of bushes as Bell was passing along the public highway. George Ratcliff, who was with Bell, escaped by flight. James Bell was a half-brother of Logan Bell, who it will be remembered, was assassinated a few weeks ago near the same spot. He was tried and acquitted with Logan Bell, Earl Sherwood and others a few months ago for the murder of Luke Hambrink, in Hardin county.

A notice was placed near Logan Bell's door by some unknown party, warning all who were tried with Bell to leave the county or they would meet the same fate as Bell. Sherwood has removed to Franklin county, and it seems that a war of extermination is in progress against the men accused of the murder of Hambrink.

The feeling in Hardin county is very bitter, and this assassination has been expected at any time. It is believed that other murders will follow closely, unless something is done to relieve that county.

It is feared that many good men will lose their lives. The Hambrink faction seem bent on exterminating the Bell party.

There are only two more of the men left who were acquitted of the Hambrink murder, and it is only a question of time with them.

"NO MAN'S LAND."

Monopolized by Cattle Companies, Settlers Pouring in—Not Open to Settlement.

A petition signed by ten residents of Mineral City, which is on the neutral strip known as "No Man's Land," lying south of Kansas, has been received by the President, deprecating his failure to sign the bill passed by both houses of congress at the last session annexing "No Man's Land" to the State of Kansas. The petitioners represent that for years that country has been monopolized by large and influential cattle companies, many of them foreign corporations, which have fenced off for their own purposes thousands of acres of valuable lands, and whose every aim is to keep out the honest and hard-working farmer. The petition states that twenty to thirty families are daily entering the strip and locating and building homes and breaking the ground for crops. Railroads are making surveys, and some are about commencing to grade. Towns are springing up, the people are spending their money in building, and yet they can not get a title to the ground they are building upon. Business is impeded because trade is unprotected. The petitioners ask that their statements be investigated, and such action taken as will best protect them in their rights.

In reply to a letter from a cattle-owner on "No Man's Land," asking whether a portion of the herdsmen occupying that land can form an organization and adopt a her law to govern the free range men, Land Commissioner Sparks states that no person, organization, or association has any right, or color of authority, to make herd regulations or any other regulations in respect to the occupation of lands in the public land strip. "These are public lands of the United States," continues the commissioner, "and never have been subject to the lawful occupation or entry under any of the public land laws, and I have heretofore recommended the employment of the military forces to remove occupants therefrom who are not actual settlers, or who are using or controlling more than 160 acres."

STANLEY DEAD.

The Noted Explorer Reported to have been Killed—Another Report says Drowned.

A dispatch from St. Thomas, West Africa, says: The West African Company has received a report that Henry M. Stanley the African explorer, has been shot dead by natives, with whom his expedition was fighting in order to obtain supplies.

Another account says that the steamer on which Stanley was proceeding to the relief of Emin Pasha was sunk and the explorer was drowned.

The report of Mr. Stanley's death emanates from a missionary at Matadi, who received it from a native from up the country.

No direct message has been received from the expedition.

OHIO DEMOCRATS.

They Nominate a Full Ticket, Indorse the Administration and Demand a Reduction of the Tariff.

The Ohio democratic State Convention which met at Cleveland, performed its work in an expeditious manner. It nominated Thomas E. Powell, of Delaware, for governor on the second ballot. D. C. Colman of Portage county, was nominated for lieutenant governor by acclamation, and L. R. Critchfield, of Holmes county, and Virgil P. Kline of Cleveland, were nominated for the supreme court long and short term, respectively. The other nominations were: Emil Kiesewetter, of Franklin county, for auditor; George W. Harmer, of Greene, for treasurer; W. H. Lee, of Ottawa, for attorney general; Peter J. Murphy, of Butler, member of Board of Public Works. The platform strongly indorsed the administration and demanded a reduction of the tariff.

A Dangerous Profession.

"Why are you so cold and distant to-night, dear?" he asked. "Have I offended you in any way?"

"All is over between us, George," replied the girl firmly. "I cannot trust my future to a man who possesses such wretched judgment. I saw you umpire a game of base-ball to-day." —*New York Sun.*

Brown—"This is a peculiar dollar, Jones."

Jones—"Why so? Isn't it like all other dollars?"

Brown—"Oh no. This coin is a decided novelty. Its peculiarity lies in the fact that it belongs to me." —*Deseret Free Press.*

Mrs. John G. Lane has sold her estate in Virginia known as "Mary's Heights," to Col. M. B. Rowe for \$5,000. It was Gen. Lee's headquarters at the Fredericksburg battle.

A Startling Prediction.

Two hundred years ago in China there was just such a craze about natural gas as we have in this country today. Gas wells were sunk with as much vim and vigor as the Celestials were capable of; but owing to a gas explosion that killed several millions of people and tore up and destroyed a large district of country, leaving a large island sea, known on the maps as Lake Foo Chang, the boring of any more gas wells was then and there prohibited by law. It seems, according to Chinese history, that many large and heavy-pressure gas wells were struck, and in some districts wells were sunk quite near to each other. Gas was lighted as soon as struck, as is done in this country. It is stated that one well with its unusual pressure, by induction or back draught, pulled down into the earth the burning gas of a smaller well, resulting in a dreadful explosion of a large district, destroying the inhabitants thereof. Lake Foo Chang rests on this district. The same catastrophe is imminent in this country unless the laws restrict further developments in boring so many wells.

Should a similar explosion occur there will be such an upheaval as will dwarf the most terrible earthquakes ever known. The country along the gas belt from Toledo through Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky will be ripped up to the depth of 1,200 to 1,500 feet and flopped over like a pancake, leaving a chasm through which the waters of Lake Erie will come howling down, filling the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, and blotting them out forever.

A State Sold for \$100,000.

Only seventy years ago a large portion of the territory comprising the State of Wisconsin, with a section of Minnesota, was sold for \$100,000, and the deed is recorded in the New York Register's office. The sale was made by Samuel Peters to a syndicate, for there were syndicates in those days as well as this. The sale was made in January, 1817, and the syndicate was composed of Lewis Ayres and ninety-nine others. It is described as a large tract of land in the Northwestern Territory, containing 8,000,000 acres and more. It comprised the greater portion of the land sold in 1767 to Jonathan Carver by the Naudowessie tribe of Indians. Carver received 160,000 acres. The description is as follows:

"Running from the Falls of St. Anthony from the east bank of the Mississippi nearly east as far as the south end of Lake Pepin, where the Chippewa river joins the Mississippi; and from thence eastward five days' travel, accounting twenty English miles per day, and thence north six days' travel at twenty English miles per day; and from thence again to the falls of St. Anthony. There is reserved to the Indians the sole right to fish and hunt on unimproved land."

There is a population of 1,315,407 in Wisconsin at this date, and the value of the farm products is \$727,779,496.

A Favorite Chinese Sport.

"We have cricket fighting with little black bugs," said a Chinaman to a Cincinnati Enquirer reporter. "It's a rare sport. The bugs are caught in hills by pouring water into their holes or putting a fruit called dragon's eye in front of the hole. The best fighters are those that chirp the loudest. They keep them in earthen pots with a little water and some mold, and feed them on two kinds of fish, man-yu and kut-yu! They are fed on honey to give them strength, and for two hours the female is put in with the male."

"How do you fight them?"

"In a pit or tub called lip, and they are matched according to size and color. They bet very heavy on them sometimes, and when a cricket has won many victories he is called Shon-lip, and if it dies they put it in a small silver coffin and bury it. Its owner thinks this brings good luck and that good fighting crickets will be found in the neighborhood where the cricket is buried."

Gen'l G. C. Knifield, War Dept., Washington, D. C., after two years, says: "My wife has not had an attack for two years. I trust St. Jacobs Oil will reach the uttermost parts of the earth, and do as much good in every house as it has in mine."

The Wrong Man.

About a year ago, one Aaron Ingram in Lorain County, North Carolina, killed a neighbor and fled. About nine months after, it was reported that he was in Rabun County, Georgia. A mob was organized, headed by a North Carolina sheriff, a man was seized who was supposed to be Ingram, lynched, and his head cut off. About a month ago the real Ingram was discovered in the Indiana Territory, captured, brought back, tried and sentenced to seven months imprisonment. The lightness of the sentence is probably due to the fact that one man has already been punished with death for the crime. The case shows the danger of attempting to execute justice by the hands of a mob.

A manufacturer of Roubais has invented a useful application of electricity to looms. He adopts an indicator which strikes when a thread breaks, and thus saves the weaver from the close attention to the quickly-moving threads, which is so injurious to the sight.

One of Lord Beaconsfield's nephews has written a novel.

Mary Anderson says she has no intention whatever of marrying Forbes Robinson, as has been reported.

If you have Cutting, Scalding, or Stinging sensations in the parts when voiding urine—Swamp Root will quickly relieve and cure.

St. Louis rejoices in beer and base ball on Sunday.

No Opium in Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail—25c.

Let us be thankful there was no strike among the Chicago ice-men during the late hot spell. —[Chicago Tribune.]

The Beauty of Woman is her crown of glory. But alas! how quickly does the nervous debility and chronic weakness of the sex cause the bloom of youth to pass away, sharpen the lovely features, and emaciate the rounded form! There is but one remedy which will restore the faded roses and bring back the grace of youth. It is Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," a sovereign remedy for the diseases peculiar to females. It is one of the greatest boons ever conferred upon the human race, for it preserves that which is fairest and dearest to all mankind—the beauty and the health of woman.

Mr. Frank L. Cox, Foreman Herald and Times, Gouverneur, N. Y., writes: "I sprained my ankle very badly and suffered intense pain. One bottle of St. Jacobs oil cured the sprains and reduced the swelling."

Boarding-House Chat.

"Why is marble-cake so called?" "Marble-cake is so called because it is marble-cake—carved out of the solid rock in Italy and imported here at great expense."

"What's the idea of that?"

"Economy. It's cheaper in the long run. You see a piece of genuine marble cake will last a long time. Now, here's a piece on this plate that has been in the house ever since I came to town—thirteen years ago this summer. Examine it closely, and you will observe that it is almost as good as new. You will see here and there some scratches. They were made by strangers who had extra good teeth. There's a spawl knocked off that corner. That was done by the Man with the Iron Jaw, who was through here last season with a circus." —Oil City Derrick.

The Women are Pleased and that's Enough.

Probably there has nothing touched the market with such a name as Moxie, or ever approached the amount of its sale. It hit the nation just right with its power to stop nervousness and the terrible tired feeling. The overworked man because it gave strength, supported mental strain, gave a good appetite and sleep, stopped the liquor appetite in drunkards and mends the results of dissipation among the young men. With such a field it is impossible that the sale should be small, or that it should be unpopular. Young men take it for a beverage and let rum alone.

A man must ask leave of his stomach to be a happy man.

R. W. TANSILL & CO., Chicago: Our frequent orders during the past five years attest the merits of your "Tansill's Punch" 5-cent cigar.

WINTER & CUSHING, Druggist, Princeton, III.

When a man buys a porous plaster he generally sticks to his bargain.—[Peoria Transcript.]

To Consumptives.

Reader, can you believe that the Creator affords one-third of mankind with a disease for which there is no remedy? Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured hundreds of cases of consumption, and men are living to-day healthy, robust men—whom physicians pronounced incurable, because one lung was almost gone. Send 10 cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's book on consumption and kindred affections. Address: World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

When a young man takes a glass in Burlington they say he is "mixing his red paint." —[Burlington Free Press.]

Furs—All Furs stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Furs after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$20 trial bottle free to Furs cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 531 Arch St., Philadelphia.

I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affection of children." —ALEX. ROBERTSON, M. D., 1087 21 Ave., New York.

There are very few things in this life of which we may be absolutely certain, but this is one of them: that Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" have no equal as a cathartic in derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. They are very small and their action is pleasant. Purely vegetable, perfectly harmless. 25 cents a vial. All druggists.

Every farm should have a good farmer.

Purify the Blood.

We do not claim that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only medicine deserving public confidence, but we believe that to purify the blood, to restore and renovate the whole system, it is absolutely unequalled. The influence of the blood upon the health is incalculable. It becomes contaminated, the train of consequences by which the health is undermined is immeasurable. Loss of Appetite, Low Spirits, Headache, Dyspepsia, Debility, Nervousness and other "little (7) ailments" are the premonitions of more serious and often fatal results. Try

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Children Cry

FOR PITCHER'S Casatoria

Castoria promotes Digestion, and overcomes Flatulence, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, and Feverishness.

Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep natural. Castoria contains no Morphine or other narcotic property.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I rec'd. credit it as superior to any prescription known to me." —H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 82 Portland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affection of children." —ALEX. ROBERTSON, M. D., 1087 21 Ave., New York.

THE CENTAUR CO., 182 Fulton St., New York.

35 MEDALS AWARDED TO BENSON'S CARPINE PLASTER THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

ELY'S CREAM BALM.

Cures Rheumatism, Rheumatism, Limbs, Backache, Weakness, Colds in the Chest and all Aches and Strains.

CATARH

Balm for Inflammation and Neuralgia.

Ask for BENSON'S and TAKE NO OTHER.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD, HAY-FEVER, HEADACHE, ETC.

EASY PRICE 50cts. ELY BROS. NEW YORK U.S.A.

HAY-FEVER

STOPPED FREE

Instant Pain Reliever.

Dr. ELY'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER.

INFALLIBLE Liniment as directed.

For all Skin Diseases, Rashes, etc.

<

THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1887.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS says that the mugwump confidence in Mr. Cleveland has been vindicated, and they propose to vote for him next year as against Mr. Blaine. All right. We are willing to go into the fight with the mugwumps against us, if somebody will please see to it that Dr. Burdach is muzzled.

THE NEW YORK TIMES says that one result of the recent Ohio democratic convention was to make certain the nomination of Cleveland next year. We are glad to know that the convention accomplished something, as the nominees it placed before the Ohio people will be easily defeated. Mr. Bohr, Chairman of the Ohio democratic central committee, a recent guest of the Sanitarium here, informed a representative of The Ypsilantian that the nomination of Powell by the democrats was certain, and that the election of Gov. Foraker to succeed himself was equally certain.

The chairman of the Ohio democratic convention, held at Cleveland last week, in the course of his speech before the nominations were made, referred to the civil service law, and said: "Let us strike boldly and high, and demand of our party representatives to labor and vote for the immediate and unconditional repeal of the law." The platform adopted at the same convention "unqualifiedly endorses the administration of President Cleveland." Either the demands of the Ohio democrats are inconsistent with their endorsements, or they regard the President's civil service declarations as meaningless and insincere.

THE MICHIGAN CATHOLIC replies at length to our recent reference to the apologetic and disappont tone adopted by it, in giving an account of the disturbance of a Baptist meeting by Polish Catholics, and in its reply assumes a tone and style unworthy of the apparent standing given it by the endorsements of the Catholic Bishops of Michigan, printed on its editorial page. We have no desire to further refer to the matter, as we know by personal daily contact with Michigan Catholics, that they are more inclined to resent intolerance even though it come from within the church they love and serve, than would be presumed from the language of the paper that assumes to represent them. The Michigan Catholic knew, or ought to have known, that it would be looked to with more than ordinary interest, after such an event as the disturbance under discussion, by those who desired to learn what the sentiment of the better class of Catholics was concerning such an offense. We hardly think that the paper would claim that its editorial on the subject was an expression of the best sentiment of the members of its church in this state, as such a claim would be an unjust reflection on the Catholics of Michigan, that could easily be disproven.

THE Martha's Vineyard Herald, the receipt of which, through the kindness of Mr. Clark Cornwell, was referred to last week, contains a double-leaded dissertation on the cast-iron rules of the Catholic church and the tyranny of the Vatican in the excommunication of Dr. McGlynn, whom the Herald extols for "his refusal to sacrifice his honest belief and individual liberty at the command of men no wiser nor better than himself." So far as the case of Dr. McGlynn is concerned, such talk is simply nonsense. He disobeyed the rules and persistently opposed the doctrines and teachings of the church, and was dismissed from its membership, after every effort had been made by the Bishop of the rebel priest and the Pope himself to have him cease his opposition and preach in harmony with the doctrines of Rome. Dismissals for such reasons are being made constantly by every religious sect and church society, and to bombastically announce, as does the Herald, that "the Catholic church must fit her temporal matters to harmonize with these times of giant thought," is to display either bigotry or ignorance, or both, and leads us to suggest to the writer of such a declaration that he should fit his temporal information to the capacity of his giant head.

THE leading position in the August Harper is appropriately occupied by Miss Welch's paper on "The Neighborhood of the International Park," at Niagara, unfolding the unappreciated charms of natural beauty and historic association clustering around the cataract. She says, that "while hundreds of tourists visit the Falls of Niagara every season, not one in a thousand actually sees the river. But with the 'freeing of Niagara,' celebrated by New York State and Canada July 15, 1885, the river has experienced a new birth. Hereafter, in the true spirit of this international bond, the traveller may explore Niagara to where, actually freed from its high precipitous mural boundaries, it pours the waters of our upper inland seas into the broad Ontario. Here culminates the historic interest of the Niagara frontier, as at the Whirlpool modern rock-readings tell us to seek a clew to its geological past. For of few other rivers may it be said that they have a threefold charm, appealing alike to artist, historian, and man of science." The reader is charmed through the most remarkable attractions, appealing to the historian, the geologist, and the pedestrian, by several romantic routes. The latest scientific version of the history of the gorge is also set forth, revolutionizing the time-standard for calculating the remoteness of the Glacial Epoch, which geology finds in Niagara, and reducing the estimated age of the Falls from 200,000 years to less than 20,000.

Granulated bone, ground oyster shell and imperial egg food for poultry. P. H. DEVOE, Congress st.

A Nestling Village.
WINDSOR, Dane Co., Wis., July 18, 1887.
EDS. YPSILANTIAN:—Twelve miles from Wisconsin's capital on the Portage branch of the C. M. & St. P. road, "distant, secluded, still," the little village of Windsor nestles in the fruitful valley. I believe "nestles" is the correct word as it is the opposite of "hustle." In this age of booms, the few towns that simply nestle are a rarity, and when a man has hustled for eleven and a half months how good to go to a place that simply nestles for the other two weeks.

Windsor is the same quiet country place it has been for the past five-and-twenty years. No hustle, no boom, no saloon has desecrated its quiet rurality—surrounded by its broad acres of rolling prairie where luxuriant crops of barley, oats and corn wave; roads lined with rows of tall poplars; the ozone of its pure air, all induce one to linger and enjoy the rest which mind and body need, where the tired feeling seems to ooze away out of the pores, where one gets new views of the Creator's bountiful beneficence.

The farmers of Windsor are all intelligent and well-to-do, up to the times and men of mind as well as physique. I spent a quiet and restful Sabbath, went to the village church and heard a good sermon. The pretty little country church is surrounded by God's acres.

In a letter to THE YPSILANTIAN two years ago, I spoke of the tobacco crop of Dane Co., that the farmers were going into it extensively. I am happy to say that they have found that tobacco impoverishes the soil as well as the conscience; as long as it was only detrimental to the conscience, all right, but as soon as the soil was impaired it produced a great moral reaction, and so, tobacco is giving way to the legitimate crops of barley, oats and corn. I consider tobacco as one of alcohol's poor relations. I wish there was a prohibitory law against its use. Some excuse its use, as it is excellent to keep off vermine and mosquitoes. What a depraved appetite an insect must have to feast on the blood of a tobacco user! If I was compelled to go and live among the Cannibals I might learn to use tobacco, as I am quite sure it would deter them from eating me.

Let there be anti-tobacco associations all over the land, let the young men pledge themselves not to use it and the young women pledge themselves to have nothing to do with any young man who does, and "the weed must go." For a quiet, restful farming community, a quiet place to rusticate, give me Windsor, near to Wisconsin's beautiful capital with its matchless lakes, its fine University, its pure air and beautiful rivers, and where the Sunday School assemblies are held. E. R. E. C.

In Brief, And To The Point.
Dyspepsia is dreadful. Disordered liver is misery. Indigestion is a foe to good nature.

The human digestive apparatus is one of the most complicated and wonderful things in existence. It is easily put out of order.

Green's food, tough food, sloppy food, bad cooking, mental worry, late hours, irregular habits, and many other things, which ought not to be, have made the American people a nation of dyspeptics.

But Green's August Flower has done a wonderful work in reforming this sad business and making the American people so healthy that they can enjoy their meals and be happy.

Remember—No happiness without health. But Green's August Flower brings health and happiness to the dyspeptic. Ask your druggist for a bottle Seventy-five cents.

b

GOODWIN & CRICH,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Boots and Shoes!

Fine Custom Work Solicited.
Repairing neatly and promptly done.
Prices reasonable and good work
guaranteed.

Shop on Huron St., opp. Fire Engine House.
GOODWIN & CRICH.

LADIES!
You need not soil your dresses. Dr.
Kelly's

Medicated Arm Shield
will positively relieve you from excessive sweating arm pits.

Dr. James T. Sharpe, 36 N Clark st., Chicago, writes: Ladies need have no fears about wearing Dr. Kelly's Arm Shield as they are harmless, and a most certain relief from excessive sweating arm pits.

FOR SALE ONLY BY

H. P. GLOVER,
Dealer in Dry Goods, etc.

Electric Sudor!

The only remedy in the world for sweating feet, swelling, burning or gallding extremities.

Can be used as a summer dressing for all kinds of burns, galls, chapping, &c., &c.

Endorsed and recommended by over a thousand physicians of Chicago. Used by U. S. army and navy.

FOR SALE ONLY BY

HEWITT & CHAMPION,

Dealers in Boots & Shoes.

A. B. BELL, DENTIST.
VANTUYL BLOCK,

Congress Street.

Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when necessary.

DR. W. R. BARTON, PHYSICIAN AND Surgeon, Huron street, opposite Mineral Water House, Ypsilanti, Mich. Calls in country will receive prompt attention.

DR. JAMES HUESTON, PHYSICIAN AND Surgeon, office and residence on River street, L. D. Norris place. Telephone No. 45.

A. FRASER, M. D., HOMEOPATHIST, Pearl street, near Postoffice, Ypsilanti, Mich.

A CARD.—DR. FLORA H. RUCH, Residence and office of Dr. Ruch, 100 W. Washington and Ellis streets, near M. E. church. Office hours from 2 to 4 o'clock p. m.

H. EMPHILL, BATCHELDER & CO., BANKERS, corner of Congress and Huron streets, Ypsilanti.

LOUGHBRIDGE & WILCOX, DEALERS IN
American and American Marble, Scotch, Irish
and American Granite. Fine monuments a specialty. Estimates furnished on building
work, flag walks, etc., Washington street.

J. A. WATLING, D. D. S., L. M. JAMES, D. D. S.
WATLING & JAMES,

DENTISTS, Huron St.

Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when desired.

JOHN B. VAN FOSSEN, D. D. S.
DENTAL ROOMS

Over the Bee Hive,

UNION BLOCK, - CONGRESS ST.

Vitalized Air if desired.

E. M. COMSTOCK & CO.,

Successors to Comstock & Ebling,
dealers in

Dry Goods, Notions and Carpets

No. 30 Congress Street,

Ypsilanti, Michigan.

CHRONIC DISEASES A SPECIALTY!

Dr. A. B. SPINNEY,

Medical Superintendent of the Ypsilanti Sanatorium, has opened an office on the ground floor of the Standard Building, to be used for examining and treating all forms of Chronic Diseases. Special attention will be given to the treatment of

CATARRH, THROAT,
LUNG, AND EYE

AND EAR DISEASES.

Persons suffering from diseased vision and unbleared eyes, and such that their eyes are annoyed and distressed, are ordered to

Dr. Spinney has been 15 years in active general practice, also 12 years in the treatment of Chronic Diseases.

Office hours: 10 to 12 a. m., and 2 to 4 p. m.

GOOD ADVICE

If you want that Pension; if you want the very

best Fire Insurance; if

you want a Life Insur-

ance THAT INSURES

and no discount, go to

D. B. CREENE.

MONEY TO LOAN!

on farms only, from one to five years.

INTEREST PAYABLE ANNUALLY, with the privilege of

paying \$100 or more at any time

and stop interest. No commission charged.

For further particulars call or address,

J. D. O'BRIEN,

Whittaker and Ypsilanti, Mich.

BENNETT & SON

—THE—

LEADING LIVERYMEN,

CAN GIVE YOU

First Class Carriages, Quiet Horses

And the best of services in all re-

spects.

HACKS AND CARRIAGES!

With or without Drivers, by the Day or

Hour, at Lowest Rates.

Orders received by Telephone Promptly

attended to. Telephone No. 82.

Barn on Washington St.,

REMOVED!

The undersigned has removed his

stock of

Guns & Sporting Goods

to his NEW STORE on North

Street, one block east of River Street,

where he will keep a full line of

Guns and

Electric Sudor!

The only remedy in the world for

sweating feet, swelling, burning or

gallding extremities.

Can be used as a summer dressing

for all kinds of burns, galls, chapping,

galling, &c., &c.

Appealing alike to artist, historian, and

man of science."

The reader is charmed through the

most remarkable attractions, appealing to the historian,

the geologist, and the pedestrian, by

several romantic routes.

The latest scientific version of the history of the

gorge is also set forth, revolutionizing

the time-standard for calculating the

remoteness of the Glacial Epoch, which

geology finds in Niagara, and reducing

the estimated age of the Falls from

200,000 years to less than 20,000.

Granulated bone, ground oyster shell

and imperial egg food for poultry.

P. H. DEVOE, Congress st.

Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when

necessary.

A. B. BELL, DENTIST.

VANTUYL BLOCK,

Congress Street.

Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when

necessary.

GEORGE W. HAVENS.

Alban & Johnson

Have an immense new stock of

Men's Clothing!

THE YPSILANTIAN.

YPSILANTI, MICH.

THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1857.

BOSTON is the cultured city of the United States, but it has a reported population of 22,000 above 10 years of age who can neither read nor write.

The statue of John C. Breckinridge which is to be unveiled at the Lexington, Ky., in October, is now being cast in New York. Valentine is the artist.

The reports from the new gold discoveries near Ishpeming grow more strong with every blast made in the shafts and the gold excitement is at fever heat.

The Dallas (Texas) Post says the \$160,000 Northern capital poured into the South in the last year is the kind of filling with which to close the bloody chasm.

Mrs. BLOOMFIELD MOORE of Philadelphia prefers to live abroad rather than at home. She is credited with possessing \$6,000,000 and the friendship of Robert Browning.

The women of New York have been granted more patents than their sisters in any other State. The women of Massachusetts, Ohio, Indiana, and Wisconsin rank next in order.

Mr. E. GATCHELL, who owns a tract of mountain land in Cambria county, Pa., was looking over it the other day and came upon a cavern in which he found a bed of snow and ice three feet thick.

A SPORATIC bull in Wayne, Neb., charged on the town fire engine while the machine was being tested. The boys turned the hose on the bull's eye, and, after four successive charges, the animal retired to the field thoroughly cooled.

JAY GOULD has been asked to build a new church on the spot in the Catskills where stood the yellow church of his boyhood—the church where his father was a deacon and sermons lasted from Sunday sunrise till Sunday sunset.

The library of the British Museum now contains more than 2,000,000 books, which occupy three miles linear of bookcases eight feet high. The library has increased to such an extent that the disposition of the books has become a serious difficulty to the authorities.

A SYNDICATE bought ten acres of Ohio ground by small alone but when they went to bore for natural gas it was found that the smell proceeded from artificial gas cleverly buried in a rubber bag. The owner of the land is now walking around with a big boodle in his pocket.

THE UNITED STATES flag was torn down from the postoffice at Provo, U. T., the day before the fourth, and at Tooele the flag on the liberty pole was hauled down by John Gillespie, one of the Mormon polygamists who has been in the penitentiary, and raised again upside down.

THE RAILROAD telegraphers will seek to have passed at the coming session of Congress a bill making it a penal offense for any railroad company to employ a telegraph operator to direct the movements of passenger trains who has not been granted a Government license.

JACOB SMITH, of Dubuque, had twenty minutes in which to save stock from his burning grocery, and all he got out were seven washboards and a plug of tobacco. The rest of the time was taken up in explaining to his wife that there wasn't the least danger of the building being burned.

THE CLEVER wife of a professor in a Western college once wrote in one of those confession books where people put down their opinions on all sorts of subjects, in answer to the question, "What is your idea of a heroine?" "An educated American woman who does her own housework."

JOHN GREEN (colored), now residing in Indiana, has brought suit for \$20,000 damages in the United States Court at Louisville against seven citizens of Hart county, Kentucky, whom he charges with "Kukluxing" him in July, 1856. He alleges the party took him into the woods one night and beat him severely.

ACCORDING to a Denver dispatch, the cattlemen having cattle going north over the great cattle tract have decided to turn them back on account of the absolute absence of a market. Last year over 300,000 cattle were driven over this tract; this year but 70,000 have been started, and two-thirds of these will be turned back.

JUAN S. HART, editor of the El Paso Times, was gunning for Orth H. Stein and George B. Loving, editors of the Inter-Republic. Stein and Loving were also looking for Hart. Hart, in his paper, said the editors of his contemporary ought to be in the penitentiary, and Stein and Loving confided to their readers that Hart was a "poltroon, cur" etc. Stein is well known in the West, where he was alleged to have done something not at all creditable.

MORMON missionaries have been actively and successfully at work among the ignorant classes in the vicinity of Augusta, Georgia. All other efforts to drive them out having failed, a band of "regulators" was recently organized with the distinctly expressed intention of applying tar and feathers to every Mormon they could lay hands on. This has had an excellent effect, for recently when the "regulators" scoured the neighborhood the game had fled.

REN BAKER of the Reed City (Mich.) Clarion, who has been rattling his bones and mildly swearing over his delinquent subscribers, has hit upon the following unique method of dunning them through his paper: "There is a little matter that some of our subscribers have seemingly forgotten entirely. Some of them have made us promises, but have not kept them. To us it is a very important matter; it's necessary in our business. We are very modest and don't like to speak about it."

CONDENSED NEWS.

Latest Intelligence From all Parts of the World.

FIRE RECORD.

Forty-eight horses were burned to death in a fire at New York. The loss was \$30,000.

Nine buildings and their contents were burned at Owensboro, Ky., early Tuesday morning. The loss will exceed \$50,000.

The St. Anthony Elevator, near Minneapolis, Minn., the largest in the North-west, was burned Tuesday evening together with 1,100,000 bushels of wheat. The loss is placed at \$1,075,000.

Fire in a Pittsburgh iron works destroyed \$150,000 worth of property, and threw out of employment two hundred men.

CASUALTIES.

Three miners were killed by an explosion in a mine at Nanticoke, Pa., yesterday.

The large Theodore Perry went to the bottom of Lake Erie last Saturday in a storm. Five persons were drowned. Only the captain and mate escaped.

The Memphis "cannon-ball" train on the Iron Mountain road was thrown off the track by running over a cow, the engineer, Alexander Hamilton, being killed, and the passengers being frightfully shaken up.

A terrific dynamite explosion took place at Streator, Ill. The explosive—a car-load of dynamite, just received the day before, stored in the magazine of the Chicago, Wilmington and Vermilion Coal company—was struck by lightning. The explosion killed one man, James Ralston, injured many more, five of whom will probably die, and did much damage to neighboring buildings.

An express train on the Erie railway between Allendale and Hobokus, ran into a gang of Italian laborers at work ballasting on the railroad a little distance from a sharp curve, when the express rushed round the curve before the men had the slightest warning, and dashed through them, killing twelve or fifteen on the spot, and wounding many others.

Acting Secretary Muldrow of the Interior Department has rendered a decision according to married women the right to enter and purchase timber and stone lands under the law governing the sale of such lands in the States of Mississippi, Louisiana, California, Nevada, Oregon, and Washington Territory. Reversing the decision of Commissioner Sparks in a similar case.

The National Agricultural Department reports corn in a high average condition, nearly 98 per cent, with a heavy increase in acreage. In winter wheat there has been a decline in condition, more especially in Kansas and California, the average falling off being over 1 per cent since the June report. The condition of spring wheat has been reduced nearly 10 per cent, the effect of drought and insects, the present condition being four points lower than for July, 1856.

The Secretary of the Interior has convened in the recommendation of the Commissioner of the General Land-Office that a commission be appointed to make a thorough and exhaustive investigation of the condition of the Willamette Valley and Cascade Mountain wagon road, the Dalles military wagon road, and the Oregon central wagon road, in the State of Oregon, "especially as to whether said roads have been constructed, and whether or not the certificates of the Governor of the completion of said roads were obtained by false and fraudulent representations, made by parties interested in obtaining said lands."

A special from El Paso, Tex., says: Close upon the heels of the news of the earthquake at Bavispe come the details of a still greater calamity at Bacaria, a town twenty miles from Bavispe. It had before the catastrophe 1,200 inhabitants. When Bavispe was destroyed the town was badly shaken up and most of the inhabitants fled. Since then the town of Bacaria has been visited by a succession of shocks that have reduced the whole town to ruins. Most of the people escaped, as they fled the country terror-stricken on the first disturbance.

CRIMES AND CRIMINALS.

William J. McGarigle, one of the convicted Chicago "Boodlers" confined in County jail pending the disposition of a motion for a new trial escaped while visiting his home accompanied by the sheriff. He was granted the liberty of taking a bath and made good his escape. Lee Shelienger, the Nebraska man who killed his 11-year-old daughter, was taken from jail and lynched.

Mary Watkins, at Middlesex, Pennsylvania, had a dispute with her neighbor, Mrs. Thomas Jones, during which she threatened to shoot her, whereupon Mrs. Jones fell to the ground in a paroxysm of pain and died on the spot.

The following is the standing of the League Sunday July 24th.

League ball games Monday resulted:

Detroit, 15; Chicago, 3.—New York, 11;

Boston, 4.—Pittsburg, 7; Indianapolis, 6;

—Washington, 2; Philadelphia, 2.

Ed Morris, the left-handed pitcher of the Pittsburgh club, has been sold to the New York nine for \$2,000.

The following is the standing of the

League Sunday July 24th.

Governor Hill, Mr. Manning, W. S. Bissell, Cleveland's former law partner, and Dan Lamont were at Long Branch recently, and rumor has it that they had their heads together concerning the fall campaign.

strike to the workmen and employers was \$2,000,000.

WASHINGTON.

One hundred Missourians visited the President at the White House, and Mayor Francis of St. Louis extended to Mr. Cleveland an invitation to visit that city the first week in October. The invitation was accepted, but no date was agreed upon, Mr. Cleveland stating that he had made a prior agreement to go to Atlanta early in the same month. He also said Mrs. Cleveland would accompany him. Kansas City and St. Joseph will send delegations to Washington to invite the President to visit those cities.

The Washington Star says there is some talk of organizing the next Congress on tariff instead of party lines.

Upon the assumption that the causes of complaint have been removed, the Secretary of the Interior recommends the dismissal of suits now pending against prominent cattle companies in New Mexico for maintaining fences on the public domain, the defendants to pay all costs.

An opinion on the alien act, just made public, Attorney General Garland holds that it applies to mines, as mines are real estate, but that aliens may hold stock issued by an American corporation now the owner of mines in the territories not exceeding 20 per cent. of the whole, and may contract with American owners to work on contracts, for hire or leases.

Secretary Whitney says that the tests of the Atlanta's guns are not very favorable, "but as yet no matters of great moment have turned up."

William R. Freer was yesterday appointed supervising architect of the treasury, to succeed M. E. Bell.

The president has received a petition from residents of Mineral City, on the neutral strip lying south of Kansas and known as "No Man's Land," regretting his failure to sign the bill annexing this land to the State of Kansas, and asking such action as shall protect their titles to possession.

Acting Secretary Muldrow of the Interior Department has rendered a decision according to married women the right to enter and purchase timber and stone lands under the law governing the sale of such lands in the States of Mississippi, Louisiana, California, Nevada, Oregon, and Washington Territory. Reversing the decision of Commissioner Sparks in a similar case.

The National Agricultural Department reports corn in a high average condition, nearly 98 per cent, with a heavy increase in acreage. In winter wheat there has been a decline in condition, more especially in Kansas and California, the average falling off being over 1 per cent since the June report. The condition of spring wheat has been reduced nearly 10 per cent, the effect of drought and insects, the present condition being four points lower than for July, 1856.

Considerable excitement has been created in Atlanta by the introduction, by William Glenn of Whitfield, of a bill in the Legislature making it a penal offense to educate white and colored children in the same institutions. There is a clause in Georgia's Constitution against this, but much attention has never been paid to it.

A frightful mortality among children in Pittsburgh and Allegheny is reported. Fifteen horses of the Third Avenue Surface Road at New York were recently poisoned, presumably by strikers, and detectives are working on the case.

The natural waterways convention is in session at Sault Ste. Marie. Over four hundred delegates are in attendance. The main object is to get an appropriation from Congress of \$7,000,000 to improve the Lake Huron channel.

A syndicate of New York gentlemen are said to be negotiating for the purchase of the property of the Saratoga Racing Association, valued at about \$1,000,000.

Fifteen horses of the Third Avenue Surface Road at New York were recently poisoned, presumably by strikers, and detectives are working on the case.

The natural waterways convention is in session at Sault Ste. Marie. Over four hundred delegates are in attendance. The main object is to get an appropriation from Congress of \$7,000,000 to improve the Lake Huron channel.

A press dispatch dated at Kinghorn says Mr. Blaine is ailing and that he is half determined to abandon his summer trip to Paris and the Stanley Club entertainments. He attended a gathering at Kinghorn, the occasion being the unveiling of a monument, the gift of Earl Elgin and Mr. Nelson, of Edinburgh, in commemoration of the tragic death of Alexander III, whose horse made a fatal plunge over a crag in the dark. At the unveiling of the monument Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Blaine were called for by the crowd. Mr. Carnegie declined to speak, but Mr. Blaine came forward and said:

"There is something contrary and little out of place at first thought of a republican being engaged in raising a monument to a king [laughter], but second thought recalls that King Alexander III came to his end before America was discovered. We are, therefore, practically all in the same boat [laughter and tears], for my ancestors on my father's side were just as good Scottish subjects as the ancestors of any of you. If they had remained so, I said recently to an English gentleman, and if the ancestors of other Scottish gentlemen had remained so we do not know what might have become of your nobility. [Laughter] We gave them all a very great chance by allowing them to escape to America after the affairs of '15 and '45."

"But joking apart, I am profoundly gratified that I am standing before a Scottish audience; for if a republican be asked to sympathize with the progress of Scotland in the great things in literature, art, and great works which promote the welfare of man, you will find that you have as much sympathy beyond the ocean as about the frith of Forth. [Cheers] I am always glad at home or abroad, to recount with pleasure and pride that I inherit Scottish blood."

The total list of persons killed by the heat in Chicago numbers one hundred and sixty-five.

A second tornado visited Baltimore, Md., unroofing houses and destroying trees.

Near Joliet, Ill., Tuesday, Moritz Erhart blew the top of his head off. In his room was found anarchistic documents, a stand of arms, and other things that led the coroner's jury to believe the suicide had been a dangerous character.

The total list of persons killed by the heat in Chicago numbers one hundred and sixty-five.

A second tornado visited Baltimore, Md., unroofing houses and destroying trees.

Near Joliet, Ill., Tuesday, Moritz Erhart blew the top of his head off. In his room was found anarchistic documents, a stand of arms, and other things that led the coroner's jury to believe the suicide had been a dangerous character.

The total list of persons killed by the heat in Chicago numbers one hundred and sixty-five.

A tribe friendly to Egypt attacked the Mendiots under Osman Digma, near Kassala, recently, when a battle ensued and twelve hundred were killed.

It is the general opinion in Vienna that Prince Ferdinand will inform the Bulgarians sent to persuade him to take their throne that he doesn't want it.

Metz is reported to be the center of much military activity. Forts are being enlarged, troops are being drilled constantly, and experiments are being made to see what destruction can be effected by throwing dynamite from balloons.

The seines and boats, with all the crew of the schooners Col. J. H. France and Argonaut, were seized Sunday off East Point, Prince Edward Island, by the Dominion cutter Critic.

A tribe friendly to Egypt attacked the Mendiots under Osman Digma, near Kassala, recently, when a battle ensued and twelve hundred were killed.

It is the general opinion in Vienna that Prince Ferdinand will inform the Bulgarians sent to persuade him to take their throne that he doesn't want it.

Metz is reported to be the center of much military activity. Forts are being enlarged, troops are being drilled constantly, and experiments are being made to see what destruction can be effected by throwing dynamite from balloons.

The seines and boats, with all the crew of the schooners Col. J. H. France and Argonaut, were seized Sunday off East Point, Prince Edward Island, by the Dominion cutter Critic.

A tribe friendly to Egypt attacked the Mendiots under Osman Digma, near Kassala, recently, when a battle ensued and twelve hundred were killed.

It is the general opinion in Vienna that Prince Ferdinand will inform the Bulgarians sent to persuade him to take their throne that he doesn't want it.

Metz is reported to be the center of much military activity. Forts are being enlarged, troops are being drilled constantly, and experiments are being made to see what destruction can be effected by throwing dynamite from balloons.

The seines and boats, with all the crew of the schooners Col. J. H. France and Argonaut, were seized Sunday off East Point, Prince Edward Island, by the Dominion cutter Critic.

A tribe friendly to Egypt attacked the Mendiots under Osman Digma, near Kassala, recently, when a battle ensued and twelve hundred were killed.

It is the general opinion in Vienna that Prince Ferdinand will inform the Bulgarians sent to persuade him to take their throne that he doesn't want it.

Metz is reported to be the center of much military activity. Forts are being enlarged, troops are being drilled constantly, and experiments are being made to see what destruction can be effected by throwing dynamite from balloons.

The seines and boats, with all the crew of the schooners Col. J. H. France and Argonaut, were seized Sunday off East Point, Prince Edward Island, by the Dominion cutter Critic.

A tribe friendly to Egypt attacked the Mendiots under Osman Digma, near Kassala, recently, when a battle ensued and twelve hundred were killed.

It is the general opinion in Vienna that Prince Ferdinand will inform the Bulgarians sent to persuade him to take their throne that he doesn't want it.

Metz is reported to be the center of much military activity. Forts are being enlarged, troops are being drilled constantly, and experiments are being made to see what destruction can be effected by throwing dynamite from balloons.

The seines and boats, with all the crew of the schooners Col. J. H. France and Argonaut, were seized Sunday off East Point, Prince Edward Island, by the Dominion cutter Critic.

A tribe friendly to Egypt attacked the Mendiots under Osman Digma, near Kassala, recently, when a battle ensued and twelve hundred were killed.

It is the general opinion in Vienna that Prince Ferdinand will

THE CROW.

"He never plants, but he always rakes,
A careful watch from the tree he keeps;
He's at work in th' field whin th' farmer
slaps.

"Whin th' blush o' spring is on th' corn,
An' th' grain blades wave in the breezy
morn,
He laughs th' scarecrow there t' scorn.

"He says, whin the farmer crosses the lot:
'While I'm full o' corn, I'm not full o'
shot;
And divil's th' hair o' ye but I'll spot.'

"Like a polished stone shines his jacket
nate,
He flaps in the air, and he's light on his
feet;
Wid his head full o' fun an' his skin full
o' mate.

"He can't sail like th' hawk up a'g'in th'
blue sky,
But, then, be me sowl, he's exceedingly
fly,
For he'll steal yer tay-spoons while ye're
winkin' yer eye.

"He can't coo as soft as th' brown turtle
t'love,
His voice wasn't med t' be singing o'
love;
But ye'll hear him caw as he's flyin'
above."
—[Amos F. Cummings.

GLOOM AND GLEAM.

I have my times all dull and gray,
When life crawls maimed and slow,
And not a sunbeam marks the way
Which I am forced to go.

But I have times—God sends them me,
And on them sets his seal—
When every moment laughs with glee,
And I woes smiles into weal.

And then I mount on airy wings
Which quiver in the sun;
I look on all these men and things,
And love them every one.

Or else I climb up at my will,
With hope and gladness shod,
Until I stand upon the hill
Wrapped in the arms of God.

God sends them me and makes them
mine,
And takes them then away.
I could not, if I would, repine
When times are dull and gray.
—[Good Words.

THE BOWSER'S.

"I think we had better go away for a couple of weeks," observed Mr. Bowser, a few evenings since as we sat on the steps.

"But why? Our house is nice and cool, and we don't seem to feel the need of a change."

"Oh, we don't eh? That shows all you know about it! If you had half an eye you could see that baby is suffering for a change. You are looking like a saffron bag around your mouth, and I am just dragged out myself. We shall go to the country."

"But our rooms are so cool, and we can buy whatever we want to eat."

"Cool rooms! You wait until you strike a country bedroom and you will call this house a sweat-box! As for living—yum! yum! Think of cream, fresh eggs, yellow butter, fresh strawberries, old fashioned biscuit, delicious coffee, night breezes, new mown hay, ripe cherries, et al.!"

I supposed we should have a week at least in which to get ready, but Mr. Bowser only gave me a day and a half, and he even begrimed half of that. He telephoned to the landlord of a country hotel on the banks of a small lake, and the most I could do was to tumble about a bushel of things into a trunk and tie on my bonnet. We got out there by train. That is, we got within six miles of the place. Mr. Bowser had been in such a hurry that he didn't ascertain particulars. It was only after he had bargained with a teamster to take us to the lake for three dollars that he found that the lake was not on the railroad. He looked a little gloomy over it for a spell, but finally showed me his \$9 fishing outfit, and after awhile forgot any uneasiness in viewing the country.

We saw a farmer cutting wheat.

We saw three crows.

We rode over three miles of causeway and three of dust.

We saw as many as five barns.

We met a barefooted boy.

We saw a dead horse.

If we met or saw anything else I can't remember what it was. Mr. Bowser drew in deep draughts of what he called the elixir of life, and quoted poetry about the playboy and the loving kine, but I guess he was glad when the ride ended. The sun had burned the back of his neck as red as fire, he was all dust and dirt, and the causeways had tired him out. We found the hotel a very picturesque affair. It was half log and half frame. I can't say whether it was Queen Anna or Tom Collins style, but it was probably one or the other. The landlord had given us a room in the log part. He knew that we sighed for the picturesqueness, and he was willing we should have it. It was a room as much as eight feet long and five feet wide. There were red peppers and mayonnaise and seed corn and onions hanging to the rafters, and the great cracks in the floor were partly hidden by a rag carpet. There was a cracked looking glass of the Noah's Ark period, a bedstead which had come over on the Mayflower, and a rheumatic old stand made in 1776 held up a tin wash dish and a blue pitcher without a handle.

"Is this the et al., Mr. Bowser? I asked as I dropped into the only chair with baby and looked around.

"Do you want the earth?" he roared back. "What do we come to the country for? Do we expect to find places out here? I tell you, this is the most picturesque, romantic spot I've seen in twenty years, and I propose to put in two months here!"

I finally got baby to sleep, made my toilet, and then went out with Mr. Bowser to view the neighborhood.

There was a lake.

It was almost forty rods long, and almost twenty rods wide.

There was a postoffice and a blacksmith shop.

There were two hay-stacks, a ruined saw-mill and a lame horse.

That was all, and I returned to the hotel while Mr. Bowser went fishing.

We had supper at 6 o'clock. The landlady rang three bells. The first was to notify us that we could expect supper; the second was that supper was being prepared; the third that supper was ready. Between the different bells Mr. Bowser picked the burrs off his pantaloons, rubbed some ointment on his neck, and said to me:

COUNTRY LIFE AND WORK.

SUMMER NOON.

The sir is full of soothng sounds. The bee Within the waxed honeyed cells, In monotone of mellow measure tells His yet unshed joyance; drowsily The swallow spires and wildledly The tremulous tinkle of the sheep bells, While wind-harps sigh in every crowned tree. Beneath the boughen shade the reapers lie, Upon their lips a merry harvest tune; Knee-deep within a neighboring stream the Stand blinking idly in the clear sunshine; And like a dream of golden Arcady Seems the sweet laughter of the summer noon. —CLINTON SCOLLARD.

THE QUESTION.

Still on the lips of all we question The finger of God's silence lies, Shall the lost hands in ours be folded? Will the silent shuttles ever rise?

O friend! no proce beyond this yearning, This outreach of our souls, we need; God will not mock the hope He giveth; No love in promptis shall vainly plead;

Then let us stretch our hands in darkness, And call our loved ones o'er and o'er; Some times their arms shall close about us, And the old voices speak once more.

—JOHN G. WHITTEN.

A CHEERFUL SPIRIT.

Worry crushes out the finer sensibilities of the heart and leaves it dry and barren, then life becomes a dreary treadmill and hope hides behind the clouds of disappointment until we see nothing but a desert of waiting before us. What if the clouds are dark there is always a silver lining; if not, make one. My motto is this: Never to let anybody or anything spoil my life or spoil it myself by dwelling in the shadow when Summer is so near. Words of sympathy coming from a friend go a long way toward lightening the load of care that falls to some of the weary ones of earth. Then why should we withhold them? If we cannot be happy it is no reason we should make others unhappy. Cultivate a cheerful spirit, and very soon another guest will find an entrance through the door of the heart—contentment—and when we let that in its twin sister—happiness—will soon follow.

It is selfish to be unhappy when there are so many needing help. We should be strong for others who are too weak to be strong for themselves, and are overwhelmed by the trials and temptations of life. Many a woman's life is crushed like the wayside flower by one who should be protector and friend. For such my heartaches, and sympathy is ever awake. If we look about us we can see so many bruised hearts needing words of hope and cheer that the petty trials will vanish like mist in the sunshine.

RASPBERRIES.

It is a pretty general rule to let the raspberry canes take care of themselves. Never was there a greater mistake. Years ago when we depended on the delicious half hardy kinds, like Brinckle's Orange, Franconia, and even Hudson River Antwerp, the need of covering them with soil in the Autumn and uncovering in Spring induced extra care in removing superfluous canes and tying up the remainder. Now, this is precisely what the hardy varieties need. Go over the rows, thin out, head back and supply proper supports. For the latter stout stakes driven in the ground about six or eight feet apart, with narrow strips fastened lengthwise, enable us to tie the canes securely. A liberal supply of good rotted manure forked in around the roots when the ground becomes sufficiently dry will almost certainly insure a good crop of fruit.

CURRENTS AND GOOSEBERRIES.

Julian Ralph says in a letter devoted to the life and temptations of young women in the great city of New York: The kindest advice to give a girl is *Punch's* old rule, "don't," if she asks whether to sink herself in the cruel, turbulent channel of metropolitan life, and yet who can withstand her arguments if she refers to such precedents as the list of successful singers, actresses, doctresses, milliners, authoresses, and women in commercial life presents? Hettie Green was born rich; Mrs. Connally, a milliner here, has made a half million dollars, Miss Middie Morgan is the leading live stock reporter on the continent; well to do authoresses are plenty; a type writer girl of ten years ago now maintains six establishments down town, the superintendent and the cashier of the largest ladies' store in town are both women; nearly all the buyers in all the large Brooklyn stores are women; at least two dozen female physicians are highly prosperous; Ella Wilcox captured the metropolis before she came to it, and when she visits it she is feted and idolized. She is a great deal before losing my temper, but I want to give you fair warning right here and now that I want no more of your nonsense! The next time you mention country to me in the next time you dragon me into another excursion of this kind—I shall be justified in—in!"

And he kicked the trunk, pitched his fishing tackle into the back yard, and went out to get some cold cream for his blisters, burns and bites.

CITY LIFE.

Julian Ralph says in a letter devoted to the life and temptations of young women in the great city of New York: The kindest advice to give a girl is *Punch's* old rule, "don't," if she asks whether to sink herself in the cruel, turbulent channel of metropolitan life, and yet who can withstand her arguments if she refers to such precedents as the list of successful singers, actresses, doctresses, milliners, authoresses, and women in commercial life presents? Hettie Green was born rich; Mrs. Connally, a milliner here, has made a half million dollars, Miss Middie Morgan is the leading live stock reporter on the continent; well to do authoresses are plenty; a type writer girl of ten years ago now maintains six establishments down town, the superintendent and the cashier of the largest ladies' store in town are both women; nearly all the buyers in all the large Brooklyn stores are women; at least two dozen female physicians are highly prosperous; Ella Wilcox captured the metropolis before she came to it, and when she visits it she is feted and idolized. She is a great deal before losing my temper, but I want to give you fair warning right here and now that I want no more of your nonsense! The next time you mention country to me in the next time you dragon me into another excursion of this kind—I shall be justified in—in!"

And he kicked the trunk, pitched his fishing tackle into the back yard, and went out to get some cold cream for his blisters, burns and bites.

CITY LIFE.

It is a pretty general rule to let the raspberry canes take care of themselves. Never was there a greater mistake. Years ago when we depended on the delicious half hardy kinds, like Brinckle's Orange, Franconia, and even Hudson River Antwerp, the need of covering them with soil in the Autumn and uncovering in Spring induced extra care in removing superfluous canes and tying up the remainder. Now, this is precisely what the hardy varieties need. Go over the rows, thin out, head back and supply proper supports. For the latter stout stakes driven in the ground about six or eight feet apart, with narrow strips fastened lengthwise, enable us to tie the canes securely. A liberal supply of good rotted manure forked in around the roots when the ground becomes sufficiently dry will almost certainly insure a good crop of fruit.

And he kicked the trunk, pitched his fishing tackle into the back yard, and went out to get some cold cream for his blisters, burns and bites.

CITY LIFE.

It is a pretty general rule to let the raspberry canes take care of themselves. Never was there a greater mistake. Years ago when we depended on the delicious half hardy kinds, like Brinckle's Orange, Franconia, and even Hudson River Antwerp, the need of covering them with soil in the Autumn and uncovering in Spring induced extra care in removing superfluous canes and tying up the remainder. Now, this is precisely what the hardy varieties need. Go over the rows, thin out, head back and supply proper supports. For the latter stout stakes driven in the ground about six or eight feet apart, with narrow strips fastened lengthwise, enable us to tie the canes securely. A liberal supply of good rotted manure forked in around the roots when the ground becomes sufficiently dry will almost certainly insure a good crop of fruit.

And he kicked the trunk, pitched his fishing tackle into the back yard, and went out to get some cold cream for his blisters, burns and bites.

CITY LIFE.

It is a pretty general rule to let the raspberry canes take care of themselves. Never was there a greater mistake. Years ago when we depended on the delicious half hardy kinds, like Brinckle's Orange, Franconia, and even Hudson River Antwerp, the need of covering them with soil in the Autumn and uncovering in Spring induced extra care in removing superfluous canes and tying up the remainder. Now, this is precisely what the hardy varieties need. Go over the rows, thin out, head back and supply proper supports. For the latter stout stakes driven in the ground about six or eight feet apart, with narrow strips fastened lengthwise, enable us to tie the canes securely. A liberal supply of good rotted manure forked in around the roots when the ground becomes sufficiently dry will almost certainly insure a good crop of fruit.

And he kicked the trunk, pitched his fishing tackle into the back yard, and went out to get some cold cream for his blisters, burns and bites.

CITY LIFE.

It is a pretty general rule to let the raspberry canes take care of themselves. Never was there a greater mistake. Years ago when we depended on the delicious half hardy kinds, like Brinckle's Orange, Franconia, and even Hudson River Antwerp, the need of covering them with soil in the Autumn and uncovering in Spring induced extra care in removing superfluous canes and tying up the remainder. Now, this is precisely what the hardy varieties need. Go over the rows, thin out, head back and supply proper supports. For the latter stout stakes driven in the ground about six or eight feet apart, with narrow strips fastened lengthwise, enable us to tie the canes securely. A liberal supply of good rotted manure forked in around the roots when the ground becomes sufficiently dry will almost certainly insure a good crop of fruit.

And he kicked the trunk, pitched his fishing tackle into the back yard, and went out to get some cold cream for his blisters, burns and bites.

CITY LIFE.

It is a pretty general rule to let the raspberry canes take care of themselves. Never was there a greater mistake. Years ago when we depended on the delicious half hardy kinds, like Brinckle's Orange, Franconia, and even Hudson River Antwerp, the need of covering them with soil in the Autumn and uncovering in Spring induced extra care in removing superfluous canes and tying up the remainder. Now, this is precisely what the hardy varieties need. Go over the rows, thin out, head back and supply proper supports. For the latter stout stakes driven in the ground about six or eight feet apart, with narrow strips fastened lengthwise, enable us to tie the canes securely. A liberal supply of good rotted manure forked in around the roots when the ground becomes sufficiently dry will almost certainly insure a good crop of fruit.

And he kicked the trunk, pitched his fishing tackle into the back yard, and went out to get some cold cream for his blisters, burns and bites.

CITY LIFE.

It is a pretty general rule to let the raspberry canes take care of themselves. Never was there a greater mistake. Years ago when we depended on the delicious half hardy kinds, like Brinckle's Orange, Franconia, and even Hudson River Antwerp, the need of covering them with soil in the Autumn and uncovering in Spring induced extra care in removing superfluous canes and tying up the remainder. Now, this is precisely what the hardy varieties need. Go over the rows, thin out, head back and supply proper supports. For the latter stout stakes driven in the ground about six or eight feet apart, with narrow strips fastened lengthwise, enable us to tie the canes securely. A liberal supply of good rotted manure forked in around the roots when the ground becomes sufficiently dry will almost certainly insure a good crop of fruit.

And he kicked the trunk, pitched his fishing tackle into the back yard, and went out to get some cold cream for his blisters, burns and bites.

CITY LIFE.

It is a pretty general rule to let the raspberry canes take care of themselves. Never was there a greater mistake. Years ago when we depended on the delicious half hardy kinds, like Brinckle's Orange, Franconia, and even Hudson River Antwerp, the need of covering them with soil in the Autumn and uncovering in Spring induced extra care in removing superfluous canes and tying up the remainder. Now, this is precisely what the hardy varieties need. Go over the rows, thin out, head back and supply proper supports. For the latter stout stakes driven in the ground about six or eight feet apart, with narrow strips fastened lengthwise, enable us to tie the canes securely. A liberal supply of good rotted manure forked in around the roots when the ground becomes sufficiently dry will almost certainly insure a good crop of fruit.

And he kicked the trunk, pitched his fishing tackle into the back yard, and went out to get some cold cream for his blisters, burns and bites.

CITY LIFE.

It is a pretty general rule to let the raspberry canes take care of themselves. Never was there a greater mistake. Years ago when we depended on the delicious half hardy kinds, like Brinckle's Orange, Franconia, and even Hudson River Antwerp, the need of covering them with soil in the Autumn and uncovering in Spring induced extra care in removing superfluous canes and tying up the remainder. Now, this is precisely what the hardy varieties need. Go over the rows, thin out, head back and supply proper supports. For the latter stout stakes driven in the ground about six or eight feet apart, with narrow strips fastened lengthwise, enable us to tie the canes securely. A liberal supply of good rotted manure forked in around the roots when the ground becomes sufficiently dry will almost certainly insure a good crop of fruit.

And he kicked the trunk, pitched his fishing tackle into the back yard, and went out to get some cold cream for his blisters, burns and bites.

CITY LIFE.

It is a pretty general rule to let the raspberry canes take care of themselves. Never was there a greater mistake. Years ago when we depended on the delicious half hardy kinds, like Brinckle's Orange, Franconia, and even Hudson River Antwerp, the need of covering them with soil in the Autumn and uncovering in Spring induced extra care in removing superfluous canes and tying up the remainder. Now, this is precisely what the hardy varieties need. Go over the rows, thin out, head back and supply proper supports. For the latter stout stakes driven in the ground about six or eight feet apart, with narrow strips fastened lengthwise, enable us to tie the canes securely. A liberal supply of good rotted manure forked in around the roots when the ground becomes sufficiently dry will almost certainly insure a good crop of fruit.

And he kicked the trunk, pitched his fishing tackle into the back yard, and went out to get some cold cream for his blisters, burns and bites.

CITY LIFE.

It is a pretty general rule to let the raspberry canes take care of themselves. Never was there a greater mistake. Years ago when we depended on the delicious half hardy kinds, like Brinckle's Orange, Franconia, and even Hudson River Antwerp, the need of covering them with soil in the Autumn and uncovering in Spring induced extra care in removing superfluous canes and tying up the remainder. Now, this is precisely what the hardy varieties need. Go over the rows, thin out, head back and supply proper supports. For the latter stout stakes driven in the ground about six or eight feet apart, with narrow strips fastened lengthwise, enable us to tie the canes securely. A liberal supply of good rotted manure forked in around the roots when the ground becomes sufficiently dry will almost certainly insure a good crop of fruit.

And he kicked the trunk, pitched his fishing tackle into the back yard, and went out to get some cold cream for his blisters, burns and bites.

CITY LIFE.

It is a pretty general rule to let the raspberry canes take care of themselves. Never was there a greater mistake. Years ago when we depended on the delicious half hardy kinds, like Brinckle's Orange, Franconia, and even Hudson River Antwerp, the need of covering them with soil in the Autumn and uncovering in Spring induced extra care in removing superfluous canes and tying up the remainder. Now, this is precisely what the hardy varieties need.

The Ypsilantian.

General Observations.

J. C. Holmes, said to be the journalistic gem of Allegan county, has decided to establish a personal daily at Detroit. If Allegan's county's journalistic gem will heed the advice of a less pretentious toilers in the profession, he will reconsider his decision, and remain where his labors are appreciated.

An associated press telegram informs us that Miss Alice Freeman, president of Wellesley college, is engaged to be married to a Harvard professor and has handed her resignation to the Wellesley trustees. To cease to be a Freeman and a president, for the sake of a spectated teacher of Greek, is quite a sacrifice on the part of Miss Alice.

Dr. McGlynn says that the Anti-poverty society proposes to abolish poverty by reiterating their principles and nominating anti-poverty candidates for the Legislature, Congress and for President. Now that's just what we wanted to hear. Reiterate and nominate, by all means. We'll do what we can to help on the anti-poverty crusade by marching in torchlight processions, carrying tallow-candle transparencies and shouting for James G. Blaine.

There is a lady living in Ann Arbor whose husband once practiced law with Grover Cleveland. Her husband has been elected President of the United States in the meantime, and yet the young man who writes locals for the Register, thinks it quite probable that the President and his wife will visit Mrs. Rogers when he makes his western trip. The Common Council, after disposing of the sidewalk resolutions at its next meeting, will extend a formal invitation to the President to come and see them. That settles it.

A circus audience at Clinton, Iowa, was given a feature not on the bills, at a Sells Bros' performance last week. A wild west scene was one of the acts, where stake drivers and canvas-hands dressed as cowboys and Indians, engage in a mock fight. A revolver used by one of the pretended cow-boys happened to be loaded, a contingency not provided for, and when the shooting commenced four funerals were made necessary before the assumed cow-boy discovered that he was not discharging blank cartridges. The bodies were quickly removed from the tent, and the performance continued. It takes more than four deaths to disturb the enjoyment of the average circus sight-seer.

In a recent letter to a former friend now living in Texas, Bill Cody, better known as Buffalo Bill, proprietor of an Indian circus now giving exhibitions near London, the showman speaks with much enthusiasm of how he "has captured the country, from the queen down and am doing them to the tune of \$10,000 a day." Buffalo Bill further says that "no man, not even Grant was received better than your humble servant and I have dined with every one of the New York ladies, is just now excited over the prospect of a visit from the President of all these United States, accompanied by his wife, unless her injury should prove more serious than is expected. The telegraph has just told the world that Mrs. Cleveland has "a red spot over the eye," which occasions her some discomfort, but that the physician attributes it to the bite of some insect, and is of the opinion that it will not be serious. If the wretched bug is caught, however, he will be summarily dealt with.

Excessive heat the last few days has added to the drought that was already prevailing, and the crops promise not to be good. The hay crop hereabout is quite light, and we saw a meadow yesterday going up in roaring flame kindled by a locomotive spark. An interesting visit among the hills of the southern part of Onondaga county, last week, afforded opportunity for delightful exploration of rocky gorges that would be respectable canons, in the Rocky Mountains. They abound in ferns in the greatest variety, and I was so fortunate as to find a species quite rare and exceedingly interesting—the walking fern. Its leaf is entire, not divided; halberd-shaped, and when sufficiently mature the point stretches out in a slender extension eight or ten inches, and then turns into the ground and roots, forming a new plant. Hence the name.

NORTH PITCHER, N. Y., July 20.

They did come, and they went—the President and his wife. The insect didn't kill her, and by being where that creature was she escaped another danger, for the telegraph to-day informs us that the superintendent of buildings has discovered the White House to be in an unsafe condition, and some of the lath of the room where Mrs. Cleveland usually sits were found decayed. We little know what dangers surround us.

The quite pastoral beauty of this Otselic valley is most restful to tired nerves. The country is very beautiful indeed. The drouth here is less severe, and healthy verdure everywhere appears—deep woods, luxuriant meadows, hop fields and grain fields. Pasture and forest stretch up the steep hillsides and over the summits. I visited a friend on one of the hills yesterday where the road was blocked with snow so that no team could pass from the 22d of February to the 29th of April, this year. It is nice to think of, with the mercury at 100° and people dying from heat in the cities by the hundred. The hay crop here is large and pastures are good. Farmers complain, however, of the dairy market. Creameries here make butter and "skim cheese," and the latter product is now worth two cents a pound! I tasted some to-day, and wondered that anybody would give even two cents for it. You may conclude it was loaded with tyrotoxicone, if you hear no more from G. C. S.

Springs and Things in New York.

As Seen Through the Eyes of the Rambling Editor of The Ypsilantian.

CHITTENANGO WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, July, 1887.

An advertisement in a recent Chicago paper informed the public how to distinguish the "genuine Ypsilanti mineral water" from fraudulent imitations. It said the water had a most horrid smell, as of rotten eggs and other like substances. "In fact," the advertisement declares, "it stinks." However that may be regarded as a description of the Ypsilanti waters, it certainly does fit the Chittenango waters. These springs are located in the gorge of the Chittenango creek, five miles south of Chittenango station on the New York Central, fifteen miles east of Syracuse. There are three springs, of which the white sulphur is the most noticeable, pouring out from a fissure in a cliff several feet above the ground a copious stream of milky-looking water, so strongly impregnated with sulphur as to yield a rotten egg odor quite satisfactory in volume and intensity. It is perceptible at quite a distance, and performs a most useful office in clearing the neighborhood of flies and mosquitoes, not one of those pests being discoverable in or around the large hotel which stands with doors and windows innocent of screens these July days. The other springs, described as magnesia sulphur and lithium sulphur, are called from their deposits, the red and the blue, so that the three suggest the national colors, and conspire to make the place popular for 4th of July picnics. One such, just after returning from the army, twenty-four years ago, is vividly recalled by this visitor.

For a much longer period than that, Chittenango Springs has been a health and pleasure resort, and a really delightful place of quiet, rustic retirement more quiet now than when the great, swinging Concord coaches carrying mail and passengers between Cazenovia and the railroad woke its echoes four times a day. A famous drive it is from Cazenovia down the wild gorge of the Chittenango, winding along so sinuous a track that you can rarely see the road many rods ahead, and the constant excitement of the imagination as to what you are to see next gives a most piquant charm to the ride. There are no dwellers at the springs when the hotel and cottages are closed, and few anywhere on the route, which is for the most part closed in by white cedar, birches, elms, beeches and basswoods, backed by picturesque rocks over which at one point the creek falls a hundred and fifty feet.

The lonely village of Cazenovia, where the Chittenango Creek emerges from Cazenovia Lake, the gem of all the New York lakes, is just now excited over the prospect of a visit from the President of all these United States, accompanied by his wife, unless her injury should prove more serious than is expected. The telegraph has just told the world that Mrs. Cleveland has "a red spot over the eye," which occasions her some discomfort, but that the physician attributes it to the bite of some insect, and is of the opinion that it will not be serious. If the wretched bug is caught, however, he will be summarily dealt with.

Excessive heat the last few days has added to the drought that was already prevailing, and the crops promise not to be good. The hay crop hereabout is quite light, and we saw a meadow yesterday going up in roaring flame kindled by a locomotive spark. An interesting visit among the hills of the southern part of Onondaga county, last week, afforded opportunity for delightful exploration of rocky gorges that would be respectable canons, in the Rocky Mountains. They abound in ferns in the greatest variety, and I was so fortunate as to find a species quite rare and exceedingly interesting—the walking fern. Its leaf is entire, not divided; halberd-shaped, and when sufficiently mature the point stretches out in a slender extension eight or ten inches, and then turns into the ground and roots, forming a new plant. Hence the name.

Presidents may come and Presidents may go, but I can't fool away time to see them. To-morrow our route leads to the old homestead in Chenango county.

North Pitcher, N. Y., July 20. They did come, and they went—the President and his wife. The insect didn't kill her, and by being where that creature was she escaped another danger, for the telegraph to-day informs us that the superintendent of buildings has discovered the White House to be in an unsafe condition, and some of the lath of the room where Mrs. Cleveland usually sits were found decayed. We little know what dangers surround us.

The quite pastoral beauty of this Otselic valley is most restful to tired nerves. The country is very beautiful indeed. The drouth here is less severe, and healthy verdure everywhere appears—deep woods, luxuriant meadows, hop fields and grain fields. Pasture and forest stretch up the steep hillsides and over the summits. I visited a friend on one of the hills yesterday where the road was blocked with snow so that no team could pass from the 22d of February to the 29th of April, this year. It is nice to think of, with the mercury at 100° and people dying from heat in the cities by the hundred.

The hay crop here is large and pastures are good. Farmers complain, however, of the dairy market. Creameries here make butter and "skim cheese," and the latter product is now worth two cents a pound! I tasted some to-day, and wondered that anybody would give even two cents for it. You may conclude it was loaded with tyrotoxicone, if you hear no more from

G. C. S.

For Sale. A nice two-story frame residence, situated one hundred and fifty-feet from the High School, on Washington street. Worth \$2,500, will sell for \$1,800, half down, balance on time. Address Box 809. 395-97

WE PARTED IN SILENCE.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

We parted in silence, we parted by night, On the banks of that lonely river, Where the fragrant limes their boughs unite. We met—and we parted for ever!

The silent bridge we crossed, we start above, Told each other a touching story;

But then each other the words of mine Are as cold as that lonely river,

And that eye, that beautiful spirit's shrine, Has shrouded its fires forever!

And now on the midnight sky I look, And my heart grows full of weeping:

Each star is to me a sealed scroll, And each star I gaze upon keeps.

We parted in silence, we parted in tears, On the banks of that lonely river;

But the odor and bloom of those bygone years Shall hang over its water forever.

OUR OWN.

BY E. M. P.

If I had known in the morning How weary all the day The words unkind would trouble my mind I said when you went away,

I would have given you a joyful, darling, Non given you needs as pain.

But we vex our own with look or tone We might never take back again.

For though in the quite evening You may give me the kiss of peace, Yet it might be that never for me!

The pain of the heart should cease.

Never come home at night; That never come home at night;

And hearts have broken for harsh words spoken,

That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thoughts for the stranger And studies for the guest;

Yet it is for our own bitter tone,

Though we love our own the best,

Oh! lips with the curve impatient;

Twere a cruel fate, were the night too late To undo the work of the morn.

JUDGE NOT.

Judge not! The workings of his brain And his body's strength and stain; What looks to thy dim eyes a stain; In God's pure light may only be A scar brought from some well-worn field, Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight, May be a token, that below,

The soul has closed in deadly fight

With some infernal fiery foe.

Other glances would search thy smiling grace,

And cast thee shuddering on thy face.

The fall thou darost to despise—

Perchance the slackened angel's hand

Hast forced, that he was risin'

And had him lie there staid;

Or, trusting less to earthly things,

May henceforth learn to use his wings.

RAIN ON THE ROOF.

BY COATES KINNEY.

When the humid shadows hover over all the starry spheres, And the melancholy darkness gently weeps in rainy tears,

'Tis a joy to pluck the pillow of a cottage And listen to the patter of the soft rain overhead.

Every tinkle on the shingles has an echo in the heart,

And a thousand dreary fancies into busy being start,

And a thousand recollections weave their bright hues into woof,

As I listen to the patter of the soft rain on the roof.

There, in fancy, comes my mother, as she used to years ago,

To survey the infant sleepers ere she left the dawn;

I can see the strain in her bending o'er me, as I listen to the strain

Which is played upon the shingles by the patter of the rain on the roof.

Then my seraph sister, with her wings and delicate blushing,

And her bright-eyed cherub brother—a serene, angelic pair,—

Glide around my wakeful pillow, with their praise or mild reproach,

As I listen to the murmur of the soft rain on the roof.

And another comes to thrill me with her eyes' delusions,

I forget, as gazing on her, that her heart was all untrue;

I remember that I loved her as I ne'er may love again;

And my heart's quick pulses vibrate to the patter of the rain on the roof.

There is naught in art's bravurys that can work with such a spell,

In art's pure deep fountains, where the holy passions swell,

As that melody of rain—that subdued, subduing strain,

Which is played upon the shingles by the patter of the rain on the roof.

THE OLD SCHOOL-MASTER.

BY LEE O. HARRIS.

He sat at his desk at the close of the day,

For he felt the weight of his many years—

His form was bent and his hair was gray,

And his eyes were dim with the falling tears.

The school was over and his task was done,

And the house seemed now so strangely still.

Stole silently over the window-sill—

Stole silently into the twilight gloom,

And the deepening shadows fled awhile.

The vacant seats and the vacant room,

And the vacant place in the old man's heart—

For his heart had been all in all to him,

Who had nor wife, nor children, land, nor

But his frame was weak and his eyes were dim,

And the flat was issued at last—"Too old."

He bowed his head on his trembling hands,

A moment as he might bend to 'em;

"Too old!" they say, and the school demands

"Too old! too old!" But they will be done,

They will be done, their tolls are over;

Their hearts were hard, and they pitied not

My trembling lips and my failing tears.

"Too old! too old!" it was all they said,

I looked in their faces one by one,

But they turned away, and my heart was lead,

"Dear Lord, it is earnest!" They will be done,

The light atop, all the bleak, gloomy

Was over the vacant benches cast;

The master sat in the silent room,

But his mind was back in the days long past.

And he smiled as his kindly glances fell

On the well-bowed faces there—

And the sun peeped in, with his eye of fame,

On the vacant seats of the silent room,